Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calues which ſeeke out aſſuranee in that, I will ſpeake to this fellow. Whoſe graue's this ſirra?

Clow. Mine ſir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it thine indeed for thou lyeſt in't.

Clow. You lye out on't ſir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I do not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't to be in't and ſay it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clow. Tis a quick lye ſir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ha. VVhat man doſt thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman ſir, but reſt her ſoule ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is, we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equiuocatiõ wil vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeres I haue took note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peſant comes ſo neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daies i'th yeere I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and ſent into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into *England*?

Clow. Why becauſe a was mad: a ſhall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? (as he.

Clow. Twill not bee ſeene in him there, there are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clow. Faith een with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmark*: I haue bin Sexton here man and boy thirty yeares. *Ham.*

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a dye, as we haue many pocky corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. VVhy he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth (twenty three yeares.

Ham. VVhoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it (was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poore *Yoricke*. I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thouſand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laught at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. VVhat's that my Lord?

Ha. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ha. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was conuerted, might

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